

L I B R A R Y

COMPOSED ON THE

D E A T H

OF

SAMUEL DRETEN,

A Young Man of Exemplary Piety,

AND

Member of the BAPTIST CHURCH,

BOVEY TRACEY;

Who died May 10th, 1792.

*John. Louis*



BATH:

PRINTED BY S. HAZARD.

1798.

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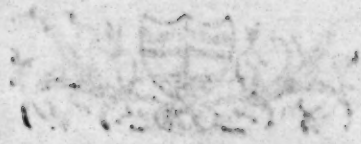
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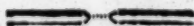
**Y**Oung DRETEN sleeps, his tiresome race is run  
The goal is reach'd, the heav'nly prize is won.  
The faith is kept, and hence he's fled to seize  
The everlasting crown of righteousness,  
Not as a debt, but as a free reward:  
Free as the grace which did at first regard  
His lost unhappy state; so free the crown  
Laid up by God for all who love the Son.  
And that he lov'd the Saviour did appear  
From all his life and conversation here,  
With undiverted feet he walk'd the road  
Which tends to Heav'n, to happiness and God.  
His youthful breast with strong devotion fill'd  
To all the charms of sense disdain'd to yield.  
New-born of God, he sought for joys refin'd,  
Joys, which alone could satiate the mind,  
He sought the joy to know his sins forgiv'n,  
To know that Christ was his, then his was heav'n.  
To feel a sweet affusion of his blood  
Pour'd o'er his soul, and fitting it for God,  
Purging his conscience from the guilt of sin,  
By the good Spirit's working faith within.

These were the joys in which he sought a share,  
 And sharing, sought their increase still by pray'r,  
 And all th' appointed means. This constant Youth,  
 A fix'd adherent to the cause of truth,  
 With well-conducted zeal and fortitude,  
 Firmly by his espoused cause he stood.  
 Nor could the vile contempt of all the crowd,  
 Who ceaseless peals of slander rang aloud,  
 And fill'd the air with false reports of blame,  
 To wound the sacred cause, or sacred name  
 Of God, at all discourage him whose heart  
 Was bound to Christ with bonds which could not part.  
 Tho' on his person vile reproaches fall,  
 His humble heart with patience bears them all.  
 And why? because he looks to Christ and sees  
 How he was loaded with indignities.  
 For him he bore the scourge, the thorny crown,  
 The world's contemptuous smile, the Father's frown.  
 The gorgeous robe, the buffets, and the cross.  
 Hence Dreten joyful took the little loss  
 Of name and character, with fix'd regard  
 To th' eternal promised reward.  
 The serpent's seed might hiss around him still,  
 And like his Saviour's they might bruise his heel,  
 He knew a day would come, when he should tread  
 With his great Captain on the serpent's head.  
 The day, which first brought forth this pious youth,  
 To publish his profession of the truth;



I, a spectator, saw his courage brave;  
 As he descended down the liquid grave,  
 Tho' crowds of giddy scoffers on the verge,  
 Stood gazing with contempt, to shame did urge;  
 This pious champion, rais'd above base shame,  
 Glad in baptism, followed the Lamb.  
 Then he an ornament of Zion stood  
 Stable and fix'd until call'd home to God,  
 Lov'd by his fellow-members, greatly lov'd,  
 And much lamented when from them remov'd.  
 His well-proportion'd frame and comely hue,  
 Added their lustre to religion too.  
 His blooming cheek a solemn aspect wore;  
 The stamp of goodness all his gestures bore.  
 When in the house of God he fill'd his place,  
 A serious air his countenance did grace!  
 In every act of worship might be seen,  
 He had a circumcised heart within.  
 All signs (in brief) which spoke an heart sincere  
 In our deceased Brother did appear,  
 And to the end endear'd, when Jesus' voice  
 Bade him ascend to everlasting joys,  
 But who that saw the blooming aspect fair,  
 Ere thought thy stay would be no longer here?  
 Who bade more fair to keep his mortal breath  
 For three-score years and ten? yet thou, O Death,  
 At twenty-three does lodge his soul on high,  
 And underneath the ground his body lay.

Ere noon commenc'd, his sun did set below,  
 But see its rising beams on high do glow.  
 Nor mists, nor clouds can intercept its ray,  
 But shines refulgent thro' eternal day.  
 Yes; thro' eternal day, for night's dull shade  
 Can ne'er these bright celestial realms invade.  
 Earth's dreary vale unworthy of his feet,  
 He early leaves, and flies into that state  
 Where odious sin and ghastly death ne'er come;  
 But life immortal e'er maintains its bloom.  
 But twice the sun fulfill'd his annual way,  
 Successive of this youth's baptismal day,  
 Ere he the object of immortal charms,  
 Was kindly welcom'd to his Saviour's arms.  
 An early, yet an happy change indeed.  
 DRETEN, from mortal chains for ever free'd,  
 Now sings and triumphs, while I longing wait,  
 Till death shall knock these fetters off my feet.  
 How oft, when standing near his dying bed,  
 • My longing soul with his would fain have fled;  
 With him persuaded Jesus was my friend,  
 With him I could not doubt an happy end.  
 But I must still possess my house of clay,  
 Patiently waiting th' appointed day;  
 Then from its ruins I shall sweetly soar,  
 To that fair house where DRETEN's gone before.



## H Y M N.

WHEN Sin the monster did appear,  
 Upon this wretched earth ;  
 Its pregnant womb did quickly bear,  
 The grizly monster Death.

These rav'nous jaws our race devour,  
 And pity shows to none :  
 Nor can the strong withstand his power,  
 Nor men of wisdom shun.

We all have sin'd, hence all must feel  
 The loss of breath,  
 Yet diff'rent are the issues still,  
 Which ever flow from death.

Two diff'rent names divide our race,  
 (The wicked and the just)  
 These are the objects of God's grace,  
 Those of his awful curse.

Now as death finds the real case,  
 Of each, he'll with them deal ;  
 For some he hath but velvet jaws,  
 For others teeth of steel.

To saints he proves like Jonah's whale,  
 Who seeming to devour,  
 Doth but from angry floods conceal,  
 To set them safe on shore.

But proves to sinners like the herd,  
Which prey'd on Daniel's foes,  
It tears and rends without regard,  
With adamant jaws.

It brings the saints to perfect rest,  
To know no fear nor foe ;  
But doth the wicked introduce  
To everlasting woe.

Brethren in Jesus, let us bless  
The Power, which death subdu'd,  
And never dread a frightful face,  
When sent to do us good.

Sweet Jesus, bring, when death draws near,  
Thy victory to our view :  
And say, " Cast off your ev'ry fear,  
" My conquest was for you."

JOHN TOMS.





